

The Fox and the Bear

Mr Ring

Collected by Francis Collinson, Bethersden, November 1942

Francis Collinson Collection COL/1/17

Roud 1140

Kind Christ-ians all now on you I call It's a pi-ty I feel in- clined I've
mar-ried and I've bur-ied till I'm real-ly driv-en wor-ried, and I'm sick with wives on the brain. Six
wives I've wed and they've all gone dead and my love has been lab-our in vain Some are
Chorus
gone ac-ross the sea from a bet-ter chap than me and some got hanged or drowned The
fox and the hare, the bad-ger and the bear, The birds on the green-wood tree The
ti-ny lit-tle rab-bits are en-gag-ing in their hab-its and they've all got a mate but me

1. Kind Christians all

Now on you I call

It's a pity I feel inclined

I've married and I've buried

Till I'm really driven worried,

And I'm sick with wives on the brain.

Six wives I've wed

And they've all gone dead

And my love has been labour in vain

Some are gone across the sea

From a better chap than me

And some got hanged or drowned.

Chorus:

The fox and the hare, the badger and the bear,
The birds on the greenwood tree
The tiny little rabbits are engaging in their habits
And they've all got a mate but me.

2. The first on the stage

Was little Sally Sage
Who once was a lady's maid
But she ran away
On a very dark day,
With a fellow in the fried fish trade.
But her only sin was a love of gin
Which her home to a wreck [she made?]
For she slipped on a reel and a piece of orange peel
Fell down and broke her neck.

3. Now the next, oh what a cook,

A beauty with the hook
And I'll tell you the reason why
On her leg she got the stump,
On her back she got the hump,
And she'd got a little squint in her eye.
Now the next on to charm
What a girl from the farm
Well girted with the hammer and the plough,
For she girted the rigs
Of a lot of little pigs
And she squeezed new milk from the cow.
But she would have been mine
Only she fell in a decline
Through swallowing a mouse in her beer.